POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

Robert Thompſon,

AUTHOR OF

A little BOOK, lately publiſh'd

I was no Poet, nor a Poet's ſon,
And how the Work, at firſt, it was begun,
God only knows, and to him be the praiſe,
He that directs us in all virtuous ways.

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John Gaggin

A Love Poem.

TO the miſtreſs of my muſe,
Once more my moan I make;
Deſiring thou would this peruſe,
For good, and for my ſake.

Conſider well, and bear in mind,
My love to thee moſt true;
And if to flattery I'm imclin'd,
The worſt of pain my due.

No no my dear, it is not ſo,
I ſolemnly declare;
But O my heart is full of woe,
My lovely charming fair.

To think upon the very frown,
That I from thee laſt had;
It caſts my noble ſpirit down,
My very ſoul is ſad.

The world without thee, is but droſs,
With thee to me all gain;
Then ſtrive no more, my love to croſs,
But eaſe me of my pain.

A POEM, written when the Gentlemen of Yorkſhire preſented their Petition to the King.

WHAT need the ſons of liberty to fear,
Loſing what unto them was always dear;
There's thouſands that ſtand up for Engliſh laws,
Ten times ten thouſand more to back the cauſe.
Chear up my friends, no doubt but we ſhall win,
We have Wilks, Savile, Sawbridge, Townſend, Glyn.
Forget I muſt not, him that takes the chair,
I mean brave Beckford, of London, now Lord Mayor.

NOW THUS.

Forget I cannot, him that took the chair,
I mean brave Beckford, of London, late Lord Mayor.
There's many more that's men of great renown,
Whoſe ſtedfaſtneſs already has been ſhown;
And noble Lords ſupport with all their mights,
Old magna charta, and the bill of rights.
To leave out Laſcelles, it would be a ſhame,
Who, with Sir George his partner, gained fame.
Our high ſheriff too, and all that with him went,
Yorkſhire petition humbly to preſent.
Theſe gentlemen went chearfully together,
Not daunted with the ſtormy wind or weather.
Whoſe worths, by tongue or pen, cannot be told,
Their names be writ in letters of fine gold,
That lateſt of poſterity may ſee
What they have done to keep their country free;
And ſet Old England at full liberty,
In peace and plenty, and proſperity.
But ſure among the muſes they will ſhine,
Remember that their number was juſt nine.
Our high ſheriff and lawyer, from the town of Leeds,
No higher fame our trading country needs.

An Acrostic at the Perſon's Requeſt.

N OTHING more vain then much curioſity,
A ll our knowledge comes from God on high
T hen let us ſee, that to him we draw nigh.
H aving then our judgements rectified,
A llows no room for any ſpark of pride;
N ever let anger once diſturb our mind,
I n all our actions ſee that we be kind;
E nvy abhor, or we ſhall never be,
L earn'd in the ſchool of truth and liberty.

L eave all behind that would oppoſe the right,
O ur love ſtill flow, and in that love delight;
V irtue alone can happineſs allow,
E xtol that power that all things does beſtow.

Another at the Requeſt of a Siſter's Son of the Author.

E ver remember, here we muſt not ſtay,
D eath, that devouring Monſter, calls away:
W ork then, dear Lad, now while the light is given,
A nd ſo gain love on earth, ſecure heaven:
R ejoice in goodneſs, unto truth attend,
D elight in buſineſs, that will be thy friend.

R eligion reſts in purity of heart,
O mind it then, and from it never part:
B e ſtill a lover of induſtrious pains,
E ver the working hand the penny gains.
R eceive theſe lines from him that loves thee dearly,
T hen take 'em home, and read 'em over yearly;
S o do, and then thou pleaſes me ſincerely.

On Drunkenneſs. What the Author thinks of it.

D rink without doubt, was made to comfort man,
R emember and obſerve it if thou can.
U ſe it only for to do thee good,
N ouriſh thy heart, and purify thy blood.
K eep common ſenſe, and reaſon ſtill the maſter,
E xceſs, thou ſoon will find to be a waiſter.
N ot only of thy peace of mind and wealth.
N o, but in time it will impair thy health.
E very bleſſing of our life deſtroys
S weetneſs of temper that a man enjoys,
S ending him head long after fooliſh toys.

The Firſt Chapter of SOLOMON's Song.

O King of Glory, God of Love,
Enable me to ſing;
To ſpeak thy praiſe, my ſpirit move,
To tell of Iſrael's king:
To ſing his ſong, of ſongs I mean,
And put 'em into rhime;
It is upon thy power I lean,
To make the verſes chime.
Come let him kiſs me, ſays my ſoul,
And make my beauty ſhine;
Better his love, without controul,
Then is the richeſt wine.
Thy name as ointment power'd out,
That ſmells moſt pleaſantly;
Therefore the Virgins without doubt,
Love, and admire thee.

Draw me, and after thee we'll run,
The king has brought me to
His chamber, now my joys begun,
And happineſs alſo.
We will remember and be free,
In thee we will be glad;
The upright has more love to thee,
Then hereto wine they had.
As Kedar's Tents, ſo I am black,
Yet comely and rare;
Like Solomon's curtains nothing lack,
Jeruſalem's Daughters fair.
Becauſe I'm black, look not therefore,
The ſun has look'd on me;
My mother's children anger bore,
My beauty for to ſee.
The Vineyard's keeper they me made,
To keep them great and ſmall;
Yet for all that my own vineyard,
I have not kept at all.
My ſoul's beloved, tell me plain,
Come tell it unto me:
For why ſhould I ſeek in vain,
Perfection for to ſee.
Tell where it is thou feeds thy flocks,
Or where do they lye down;
In the valleys or among the rocks,
Or where they reſt at noon.
Thou faireſt of all woman kind,
If this thou does not know,
What I ſhall ſay to thee now mind,
Go forthwith, quickly go;
And mind thou where the flock has ſlept,
And feed thy kids moſt near,

To where the Shepherds Tents are kept,
And then no cauſe to fear.
I have compared my love unto
A company of horſes fine,
That does King Pharoah's chariots draw,
And beautifully ſhine.
We will make thee borders gay,
Of glittering gold ſo bright;
Studded with ſilver that they may,
Be pleaſing to the ſight.

Upon *Abner*'s Death.

WHEN ABNER's death did reach King David's ear
Laments his fall in multitude of tears,
Cries out aloud in bitterneſs of ſoul,
What news is this? died Abner as a fool.
Thy hands with cords, nor irons was not bound,
No nor thy feet in ſtocks, nor fetters found:
And ſo according to the martial laws,
He was at liberty to plead his cauſe.
But traitor Joab reſolute in will,
Moſt cowardly did the brave General kill;
Conſider it, and take the matter home,
For very likely there is more to come.

HONOUR TEACHES HONESTY,
AND LOVE MANIFESTS TRUTH.

The author is willing to wor
again if encouraged.